

## SPRING COAT STYLES

Beetle Wrap Proper Thing For the Stout.

## JACKETS FOR SLENDER

THESE ARE GUSSETED AND BOB-TAILED.

Spring Garment Approved of For Older Women—Beetle Backs Sure to Have Great Popularity—Coats of Poplin for Summer and Wool Grenadines—New Overshirts.

(Special Correspondence.) New York, Feb. 1.—The tailors have their needles threaded and their shears sharpened for the cutting and basting

ing season by the aid of this coat device.

**TUNIC DRAPERIES SUPREME.**

The one message, warning or advice on the topic of every dressmaker in the overcoat. Not to wear an overcoat is to argue yourself a hopeless Philistine of fashion. The light weight, light toned, Henriettes, Amas, cloths, wool armures, the lovely white drap du Sud and the countless cotton weaves are being rapidly converted into costumes with Greek poplins, round apron effects, or tunic draperies. We may disapprove on the score of comfort, but we can't help relishing the novelty that has been so sorely needed for some time in the lower half of the modish toilet.

After all, so excessively airy are the spring gowns, without exception, and so skillfully has all superfluous width been eliminated from our draperies that we will not carry in the overcoats an inch of actual extra material.

The placket hole is still a mystery, and only the maker of a skirt and its sister know how it is got into. No riding habits were ever made to fit with more of a well-put-on-wall-paper effect than the skirt of the moment, and it is neither untruthful nor ill-natured to say that women who are broad in the beam, heavy in hip and show great abdominal fullness, commit harlequin, so far as their own grace and good

Another spring idea in millinery is that of having ornamental hat pins held united by a pretty chain punctuated with small jewels or tiny enamel flower faces.

MARY DEAN.

## TO PRESERVE CUT FLOWERS

THEY CAN BE KEPT FRESH FOR A MONTH OR MORE.

All That Is Needed Is Proper Care, the Kind That Florists Give Them—Secret of the Trick.

Ordinarily, cut flowers perish so rapidly that during the cold weather they are out of the reach of people with a moderate income.

The most delicate and fragile of blossoms, however, can be kept in good, healthy condition for a month or six weeks if systematic care and attention is given to them.

The first precaution must be taken

## FASHIONABLE RICH SELL CLOTHES

New Fad of Thrifty New Yorkers—Mrs. Choate's Politics—Girls in Background.

After the death of Calvin Brice his wife and daughters held a sale of their wardrobe at their home in New York. Society has attended to many of these sales on account of going into mourning to evince anything but a shrewd interest in the bargains offered.

The first person to inaugurate this thrifty treatment of the mourning problem was Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts. On the death of her husband she had just completed her suit for winter mourning, and her mourning wardrobe presented a loss of nearly \$3000. With excellent business sense she hired two rooms at a fashionable hotel, every colored garment in her possession was sent and artfully disposed about the apartments, and a capable saleswoman and assistant were put in charge. Cards were written announcing the sale and posted all Mrs. Roberts' friends and acquaintances got over its first shock, a rushing business was done in those two hotel rooms.

It is safe to say that not only did Mrs. Roberts not lose a cent on her wardrobe, but actually sold everything at a marked profit. The women came in hordes, many to see and the majority to buy. The saleswoman's assistant showed off the gowns and hats on her own person, and so kindly did the most conservative social moment take to this arrangement that nobody thinks a whit the less of you today for trying to find what silver lining you can to your cloud of bereavement.

The Brice sale was a more private affair; none of the afflicted family appeared, and the library and drawing rooms were given up to the clothes fair. One woman, whose attendance represented something like 1500 tollies in all, including bicycle and bathing suits, tea gowns and dinner dresses, Paris handkerchiefs, gloves, stockings, shoes, feather boxes or old ribbons, plumes, artificial flowers, mock and real jewelry, tinted note paper, underwear, decorated with colored ribbons, all were hoisted about the drawing room and library, and two skillful maids, under the direction of a trained saleswoman, who gets her living by conducting these functions, carried the bargains.

A curious feature of these sales is that absolutely no credit is given. The proceedings are conducted on a cash basis and you are at liberty to try and beat down the price to the very best of your ability. Another peculiar fact is that invariably everything is sold, even to pairs of old golf stockings with holes in them, for no woman feels her dignity in the least lowered by buying and wearing another's old things.

Sometimes, as in the case of Miss Elsie de Wolf, who sold her clothes on the death of her father, the bereaved lady prefers to conduct her own enterprise, and then it is perfectly evident that even the slightest grief cannot blind a clever woman to the advantages of driving a sharp bargain. When these sales are personally conducted it is customary to serve a luncheon of hot chocolate and sandwiches or afternoon tea, and the buyers invariably arrange themselves for the delivery of articles

assistance received from her husband. Just now, because of her rival's enforced absence in Europe, Mrs. DeWolf anticipates a rich harvest of comforts to anti-suffrage—Mrs. Choate, however, will be received with open arms by the English women suffragists, to whose excellent work and methods, especially in the wealthy and titled class, she is going to devote great attention.

NEW REVOLT OF DAUGHTERS.

When Paul Bourget, Zangwill and Barrie came over to New York, one of

distractions that used to make the American girl's life an enviable thing. If you want to see this season's crop of debutantes, you will find them holding up the wall at dances, while they watch their light-footed mothers leading gowns. You will see the poor little thing in a plain white frock sitting meekly in the back of mamma's box, and talking between the opera acts to some good, deaf old gentleman. She humbly pours tea on mamma's day at home, and keeps elderly lady callers in a good humor, and nobody asks girls, anyway, to dinner any longer.

Why should one, for the New York debutante has either gone in for dead languages and literature, like pretty Miss Elsie Clews, or athletic and charity, as Miss Hoyt and Miss Goslet; else she is shy to make conversation, and, therefore, is not invited. The child in shy or solemn and pedantic because under the mother trust she has had no chance to blossom out.



HER MOTHER NEVER GIVES HER A CHANCE.

pleasure, and "hundreds of jewels blazed around its surface, the most prominent being the world renowned 'Kohinoor.' The queen's crown is a velvet cap surmounted by a band of jeweled gold. From the band rise at equal distance four gold half-arches, which meet over the cap, and are ornamented by an orb and cross, and the Kohinoor was first brought to Europe from India about twelve years after her majesty's coronation.

## A GIRL WITH A MONOCLE.

She Appeared in Public in New York and Secured Attention.

(New York Sun.) A pretty girl was the observed of all observers on Fifth avenue one day last week. Her stunning gown and hat and furs were models of quiet elegance. Her face was better than pretty. It was handsome, in a clear cut, intelligent, aristocratic way, but it wasn't her beauty nor her clothes that made every one look at her a second time and caused a sensation when she climbed into a stage. Into one of her eyes was screwed a monocle, and with the glass, she wore the expression of stony immobility which one is wont to associate with the monocle chappy. The girl seemed quite unconscious of the interest she was exciting; but in the stage every eye was fixed upon her. The fascination of the monocle was soon the crowd. Every one watched with bated breath to see the glass drop, and when it did a sigh of relief ran through the stage.

"That's the first time I've ever seen a



MISS DE WOLF'S SALE.

their first inquiries was for the typical American girl, whose fame was made internationally by novelists, and whom foreigners hope to see quite as much as buffalo and red Indians.

To all these inquiries the answer was: "Go west or south; she is no longer here"—she is nothing but a beautiful tradition in New York, where the married woman has assumed her place. She is no longer persona grata in society for her mother has selfishly shouldered her out. It is over the season's list of belles, and who do you find filling seats at dinner parties, filling the floors at balls, ornamenting the fronts of the opera boxes and quietly assuming the attention of all the amusing, good-looking, eligible men? Why, Mrs. Clews, Mrs. Stange, Mrs. Burden, Mrs. de Forest, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Whitney and scores of other matrons who are still beautiful, still engaging, but none the less are they at that time of life when the mother, fifty years ago, wore a cap, carried her knitting and watched with pride her young daughters having their innocent flirt.

Daughters, indeed, most of these

Of course this condition of things will eventually bring about a revolt of the daughters, but the mothers meanwhile are making heaps of hay in the sunshine, and their latest maneuver has been to shut down entirely on the title mother. The complaint is that mamma or mother is a very aging term, to be constantly ringing in one's ears, and girls are taught to use the gay and more familiar French and English diminutives for mother—mimmy, mami, chere, mignonne and blen-ams—are all popular substitutes for the awful word, mother, and, aside from the tragedy of it, there is an infinitely comic side in hearing a pretty girl quite affectionately address a portly diva, who would tip the scales at 150, as moppie, ma petite, or doudoune.

EMILY HOLT.

**The Queen's Crown.**

An amusing story is told of Queen Victoria's insisting upon having her coronation crown made "entirely covered and covered at the top, so as to display the crown jewels to greater advantage," in spite of the remonstrance



THE WELL BROUGHT UP MA-MA.

nice looking woman wearing a monocle over here," commented a well-groomed woman in the corner seat, and perhaps she is English. I know any number of English women who wear monocles, and the Marchioness of Hamilton has worn one ever since she was a young girl. The custom is growing in London, but I hope we are not going to see it adopted here."

**An Afterthought.**

(San Francisco Examiner.) Mrs. Goadley—it would be a good thing for you if you thought twice before speaking once.

"Mr. Goadley—it's too late now. I should have pursued that plan before I proposed to you."

## TO MRS. PINKHAM

From Mrs. Walter E. Budd, of Pat-chogue, New York.

Mrs. Budd, in the following letter, tells a familiar story of weakness and suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham for complete relief:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to write to you and tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I feel like another woman. I have such dreadful headaches through my temples and on top of my head, that I nearly went crazy; was also troubled with chills, was very weak; my left side from my shoulders to my waist pained me terribly. I could not sleep for the pain. Plasters would help for a while, but as soon as taken off, the pain would be just as bad as ever. Doctors prescribed medicine, but it gave me no relief.

"Now I feel so well and strong, have no more headaches, and no pain in side, and it is all owing to your Compound. I cannot praise it enough. It is a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to every woman I know."



ADDRESSING A WOMAN'S CLUB.

well-preserved ladies have, but, bless you, they don't get a shining beside this mother trust. The modern New York girl stays in the nursery till she is turned 15, and when she does come out her mother so thoroughly over-shadows and heavily chaperones her that she has not the smallest chance at the harmless frivolity, freedom and

of gutter-king-at-arms, who urged that such a crown would be an all precedent. The queen's eyes flashed fire, and she exclaimed: "This gentleman may be a king-at-arms, but I am queen of England, and intend to wear any kind of a crown I please!" The prime minister, of course, yielded; the crown was made according to her majesty's



THREE NEW OVERSKIRTS.

of spring coats. The women whose clothes are guides and beacon lights to their sisters, are setting out for the south just now, and the light coats they take with them serve as perfect models for the stay-at-homes.

All the youthful and slender women, such as Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. John R. Livermore and Mrs. Almerie Paget, will wear in North Carolina, Florida and Bermuda either very short or wonderfully long jackets over their flannel or silk shirt waists. The short coats are quite bewitching, for they are hanging out rather freely and are slightly open, and gusseted in three places on the bottom. In front they close up, with a fly finish so high that a necktie just peeps out at the top; the sleeves are severe and a narrow notched collar, faced with corded silk, folds away about the neck.

With a soft, story silk in dull pink, blue, green or red these coats are lined, and the one pocket in such garments is set on the outside and rather high on the left breast. Now, no woman with full hips and bust should presume to assume one of these little garments, for manifestly the jaunty cut of it will only display her rotund proportions to the most ludicrous disadvantage.

The plump, short person can in all safety, though, claim as her own the coat with the beetle tails; this coat is a swift cutaway over the hips and drops its train skirts to the wearer's knee or even to her heels. There is only one great drawback to this wrap: it does not lend itself to successful make in the hands of any but an expert tailor, still the beetle backs are bound to have a season of great popular exaltation, though it requires no great amount of decision that one season will round out their existence. The style of the garment, like the prevailing cut of skirts is too exaggerated to hold feminine favor over long.

**CHEAP AND EFFICIENT WRAPS.**

Quadruple short wraps are piped with silk instead of strapped in their seams. The silk matches the color of the coat's cloth, and the select costings for this year are gray tweed instead of brown, ink blue and iron rust brown military melton and later we are going to have silk and poplin and wool grenadine coats made over colored silk linings.

Women who know how to buy at the



A SPRING SUIT.

remnant counters have excelled their shrewd genius by purchasing reduced lengths of crushed velvet, velours antique, embossed satin, etc., and making them up into coat's bodies with curvilinear tails, hung with huge lace jabots in front. A gorgeous looking body in inexpensively obtained by the sewing woman who comes to the house, and all sorts of old skirts, silk, satin, or wool, are worn out in the new waist-cut, off exactly at the waist line, but do not close in for a tight fit. Instead,

looks go, by adopting this exceedingly Parisian fashion.

The latest extremity to which this fashion has gone is that of lacing the skirt up in front. The skirt is slit about ten or twelve inches down from the waist line, and this opening, when the garment is in place, is closed by silk lacing that runs up to the waist, and there form a bowknot with ruffled ends.

Taking the signals of spring as they appear day by day, one finds the foundations in evidence with very few changes in their spots and dots and stripes over last summer. Silkblouse is a charming novelty, made of half tulle, half silk, very soft, washable and in changeable blues, corals, yellows and



THE BEETLE-TAILED COAT.

star greens. Don't be in the least afraid of Haydare stripes. They are a fashionable fancy to reckon with still in mind, and made of plain white muslin, wool goods, stainings and gingham.

## WHITE COTTON DRESSES.

If elaborate preparations for heavy sales are significant, then white cotton gowns, especially embroidered ones, are sure to be a dominant feature next summer. Few of such toilets, bear it in mind, are made of plain white muslin, cotton, mullin, or piece more or less conservatively trimmed. The truly pretty and admirable white dress will instead be a mass of embroidery and tucks. Some years ago a costume of that type represented enormous hand labor and a huge dressmaker's bill.

This spring, however, of white stuff, manufactured in alternate stripes of embroidery insertion, fittings of lace and clusters of the delicatest tulle in close set, company trunks like holy-purse will be able to compete. And it will require no great amount of skill to put such a gown in wearing shape, since tucked and lace edged and gathered silks are also sold, ready for application in the shops.

## SPRING HATS.

The first fashion swallow, so to speak, always appears as a harbinger of spring in women's hats, in the attractive form of flowers. Feathers at this moment are decidedly twisted by long battle with midwinter dust and gales, and women are glad enough to prolong the useful beauty of a felt or velvet toque by replacing bedraggled plumes with knots of fresh polies.

A stalk of flowers is the momentary preference. It stands up as high as six inches, where the plumes, lately waved and its body is wire, wrapped with ribbon, and onto this small rose, violets, primroses, pansies, etc., climb in close set, company trunks like holy-purse will be able to compete. And it will require no great amount of skill to put such a gown in wearing shape, since tucked and lace edged and gathered silks are also sold, ready for application in the shops.

when the purchase is made. Satisfy yourself that the flowers are very fresh. Remember that there is a regular market price for flowers, the same as for any other product, and if your florist offers you roses at 50 cents per dozen when the market price is \$1, you may depend upon it, they have been cut for some days and will soon fade. There is no economy in buying cheap flowers. If they look limp, and the leaves dry, seared and gray, they have either been cut for some time, or else they have not been properly cared for, and are scarcely worth carrying home, as no amount of nursing will preserve them for any length of time.

The bright color, the full, lively stem, vigorous leaves and firm bearing, all bespeak nature in her prime.

A florist who knows his business will pack cut flowers so that they will receive no injury from the elements during transportation, but if one has to attend to this one's self, it is well to know that paraffin paper is the best protection in either winter or summer. Flowers wrapped in paraffin paper and covered over with two sheets of brown wrapping paper are well fortified against Jack Frost. It is well to carry them in a box to prevent accidents, but if they have long stems and are to be carried by the hand, the blossoms should hang downwards.

Before placing them in vases cut from the end of each stem one-sixteenth of an inch, use a sharp pair of knife-scissors nip the stems together and prevent them absorbing nourishment.

The vases should be carefully sealed and then filled three-quarters full of water, into which should be dropped five or six drops of sulphate of ammonia. This can be obtained from any chemist, and five cents' worth will outlast many bunches of flowers. During the day the vases containing flowers should be placed in the light away from the heat and gas.

At night the stems should be sponged off in clear, cold water, so as to remove any decayed matter which may have accumulated during the day, and all the withered leaves and faded petals should be removed with a sharp pair of scissors. Take care not to get any water on the flowers themselves, as it will destroy their bloom. During the night they should be put into a vase containing a solution of soap and water and set in a cool place. In the morning cut the end of the stems again and leave in clear, cold water for two hours before returning them to the

they purchase. If you happen to ask the average fashionable and wealthy woman why she attends these sales, she will answer readily enough, and she went to Mrs. Roberts' because the clothes were sure to be splendid and worth buying; to the Brice sale for nearly the same reason, and to Miss de Wolf's because, though she might not find gowns so sumptuous, she was willing to take an old dress merely to use it as a model for her dressmaker, since Miss de Wolf is clothed always in the latest Parisian invention. Besides, the sales amuse and satisfy curiosity, and are an irresistible temptation to extravagance.

**MRS. CHOATE AS A SUFFRAGIST.**

When Mrs. Joseph Choate sails away with her aged husband, who has been appointed our ambassador to the court of St. James, a sigh of real relief will go up from the ladies who had the anti-suffrage movement in New York. Mrs. Choate is a charming woman, and one of the pillars of the suffragist temple as it stands in the midst of smart society.

For years the workers for woman's rights had no hearing or following among the fashionable classes, for your fashionable woman is wonderfully hide-bound and non-progressive. When Mrs. Choate, however, became thoroughly persuaded that one woman one vote was a law both human and divine, she undertook to clear the cobwebs from her society sisters' heads, and in short order, by sheer force of eloquence and enthusiasm she roused her dancing, dining, Paris-bonnet-wearing associates to a very righteous sense of indignation—not only does she now find time to fulfill all her duties as a wife and mother, but about to inaugurate a chaperone her pretty daughter Mabel, keep up a handsome winter home, just off Fifth avenue, and in summer a pretty cottage at Stockbridge, but she works as hard at her politics as any senator in Washington.

She addresses meetings of Paris-gowned sympathizers in Louis XV drawing rooms, and groups of sturdy short-haired new women in their clubs. She writes papers and collects signatures for the next petition to be held before the legislature, but her chief efforts are directed toward the utter confounding and undoing of her rivals in her own circle of society, the anti-suffragists. The leader of this reactionary party in the aristocratic neighborhood is an equally earnest, equally fashionable and smartly-dressed person.

Mrs. Arthur Dodge, who has no other apart in their political sympathies than Mrs. Choate and Mrs. Dodge, and the war between the two has been waged merrily, with the latter, however, of victories usually falling to Mrs. Choate, who does not hesitate to thankfully acknowledge the encouragement and

support received from her husband. Just now, because of her rival's enforced absence in Europe, Mrs. DeWolf anticipates a rich harvest of comforts to anti-suffrage—Mrs. Choate, however, will be received with open arms by the English women suffragists, to whose excellent work and methods, especially in the wealthy and titled class, she is going to devote great attention.

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distractions that used to make the American girl's life an enviable thing. If you want to see this season's crop of debutantes, you will find them holding up the wall at dances, while they watch their light-footed mothers leading gowns. You will see the poor little thing in a plain white frock sitting meekly in the back of mamma's box, and talking between the opera acts to some good, deaf old gentleman. She humbly pours tea on mamma's day at home, and keeps elderly lady callers in a good humor, and nobody asks girls, anyway, to dinner any longer.

Why should one, for the New York debutante has either gone in for dead languages and literature, like pretty Miss Elsie Clews, or athletic and charity, as Miss Hoyt and Miss Goslet; else she is shy to make conversation, and, therefore, is not invited. The child in shy or solemn and pedantic because under the mother trust she has had no chance to blossom out.



THE BANTERING MAID.

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